

A LADY AND A BABY

And Uncle Sam's Polite Consul
In a City in France.

HOW THEY MET AND PARTED.

And How Light Was Thrown on the Problem That the Woman, Who Was French and Voluble, and the Infant, Who Was American, Presented.

Not very long after having taken charge of one of the consulates in France I was one morning seated at my desk busily engaged in figuring over my quarterly accounts, when suddenly a woman carrying a bundle in her arms appeared before me. I had not resided in France sufficiently long to imbibe the unadulterated French politeness, but I had progressed sufficiently to ask:

"Madame, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you this morning?"

"Monsieur," she exclaimed, walking toward me, holding out the bundle as if to deposit it on my desk, "this is an American baby. What shall I do with it?"

Absolved at the prospect of so suddenly becoming a father with the orange blossoms and rice omitted and knowing that the American government had established no precedent of maintaining orphan asylums either at home or abroad, I hesitated a moment and replied:

"Will the madame please be seated over there by the door and tell me why being a Frenchwoman, she has become possessed of an American baby?"

It never occurred to me to examine the little babbles of humanity. I had in previous times rather prided myself on my ability to distinguish the nationality of people, had seven boasted I could tell them by their shoes, but I had never tried my perceptive powers on infant physiognomy.

"Volla!" she said, seating herself.

I shall never forget that word *volla*, it was one of the first French words I ever learned. You know it means—oh, so many things when used exclamationarily, as it generally is. Causally, however, to the beginner in the French language it conveys the meaning of "Here it is." That was about as far as I had progressed in my French education at that time in regard to the many varied meanings of *volla*, and I determined that if it meant the baby then it would retain his geographical location indefinitely—that is, in the woman's lap over by the door, or preferably outside. But her *volla* referred not so much to the infant as to the story of how it came to be in her possession.

She talked volubly while I tried to assume the defensive power of silence. But to a Frenchwoman—well, silence simply means what the jockey gives the horse in the last heat—encourage me.

From the verbal French cyclone she buried at me I gathered a few fragments that enabled me to understand.

For three months she had been employed as nurse by an American woman who had paid her good wages. Four weeks previously, however, the mother had returned to New York, saying she was going over for only two or three days on an urgent business matter and would return at once. She had not seen or heard of her since. Being a woman who had to work for her own living, the baby was a burden on her hands. She could hardly support herself, much less provide for the infant, and as the child was of American parentage she thought the representative of the American government ought to take care of it.

I suggested that I would write to the city authorities in New York asking as to the genuineness of the address that the woman said the mother had left with her.

"And what shall I do during all the time you are waiting for an answer?"

My answer finally was a twenty-franc gold piece, with which she departed, saying she would try to take care of the baby until I could hear from the New York authorities.

Now the reasonable and the unreason- sensible part of the story is that since her departure, through the sun has risen hundreds of times, she has never returned. It had not risen more than seven times, however, before I learned the reason.

It was just one week later at an informal dinner of the sixteen consuls who resided in the city that in the course of a conversation with my Italian colleague I told him the story of the woman and the baby. What do you suppose he answered?

"Well, well," he laughed, "why, that same woman came to my office, only she had an Italian baby. And I thought I was fortunate to get rid of her for 50 francs."

In the general conversation that followed I discovered that the woman had visited every one of the sixteen consulates in the city, and by her ability to change the baby's nationality from English to German and from Haitian to Japanese and all the other colors of the rainbow she had extracted from the consular corps of that particular French city the sum of 75 francs.

This incident is just one of a series of similar experiences with frauds and fakers a consul has to face in the performance of his duties—Thornwood Haynes in New York Tribune.

Who hangs himself in the chimney should not complain of smoke—German Proverb.

No Longer Company.
Familial breeds contempt."

True! When I was first invited over to their house to dinner they used to let the dishes go until morning; now they do them right after dinner and call me into the kitchen to help."—Detroit Free Press.

His Defense.
"Papa, what is a demagogue?"

"A demagogue, my son, is a person who gives voice to opinions that conflict with your own."—New York Herald.

SHEEP DOG TRIALS.

Australia's National Pastime, the Maltese Cross Test.

Sheep dog trials may be considered a national pastime if not a national sport in Australia. There is an annual agricultural show in every town and village in the pastoral parts. There are general competitions on the lines of the American county and state fairs. There are horse races, buck jumping, shearing, log chopping and other strenuous competitions. But not one of these excites more interest than the sheep dog trials, and in these tests Australians have set the example of

certain of the most serious tasks that a man and a dog may be asked to accomplish with three strange sheep-sheep that had never previously met until they had a moment before been turned out from three separate pens to be packed or gathered together by the dog.

It was the Australians who first put forward, and they still maintain it, the Maltese cross test. The eight six-foot hurdles are set in the shape of a Maltese cross. The passes are of a width that will permit only one sheep to pass through at a time. The animals have to be driven north and south and east and west, all the passes being open at the time. The skill and patience of the dogs are here tried to the utmost, and there can be little wonder there is a gash of satisfaction and a cheer of joy when the sheep have been successfully driven through these narrow ways.

The Australian sheep dogs are the smallest in size in the world, but are quick and lively in their work. It is no wonder that the Australian gives much thought for his dogs, for it goes without saying that the work of the sheep station could not be accomplished without them. In ordinary cases it is reckoned that one dog can do the work of half a dozen men. In many instances a dog is superior to fifty humans and where there are such vast flocks of nimble sheep, such as the merinos in Australia, it would be impossible to round them up and then have them examined, counted and duly looked over without the dogs—Argonaut.

For the Sake of Argument.
"Well, now, for the sake of argument—is there a more irritating phrase? Is there any greater bore than the person who habitually employs it?" To be asked to assume anything "just for the sake of argument" invariably prejudices us against making that concession. We sit grizzled while the controversial questions and expounds. We feel that to oblige him we would not even assume that two and two make four—*Youth's Companion*.

\$1500 Reward!



The Oregon, California and Nevada Horsemen's Association of which the undersigned is president, will give \$1,500 reward for evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons for stealing horses, cattle or mules belonging to any of its members.

In addition to the above, the undersigned offers the same condition \$600 for all horses belonging to any of our other associations recovered in eight counties—Range County, Lake and Clark counties, horses valuable or not.

Now all grown horses sold and only geldings wanted.

W. W. BROWN THE OREGON.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF HARNEY.

E. B. TERRY, Plaintiff.

JOHN P. ANNETTE, MRS. Lydia Barnhardt, Charles Bell, Andy J. Collins, Olaf Carlson, Cecil W. Childs, J. R. Cooper, J. B. Donnell, C. Donovan, E. S. Fendall, G. W. Fleissner, Cora B. Grieves, Claude V. Gwinne, P. A. Hansen, John Holzer, H. G. Miller, F. P. Hobson, M. McKinnon, William L. Noah, Eddie M. Ober, Samuel Peterson, L. E. Plummer, A. P. Reed, L. F. Root, Charles S. Stephens, James H. Smith, Joseph H. Smith, F. C. Spanneth (or Spannuth), Ernest W. Sis, Frank Seeley, Harry E. Scott, Charles Simmett, W. D. Woodruff, E. M. Williams, Martha White, William Yates, L. E. Barton, E. L. Jeremiah, C. W. Ortman, J. W. Swope, and all whom it may concern, Defendants.

SUMMONS.

To John P. Annette, Mrs. Lydia Barnhardt, Charles Bell, Andy J. Collins, Olaf Carlson, Cecil W. Childs, J. R. Cooper, J. B. Donnell, C. Donovan, E. S. Fendall, G. W. Fleissner, Cora B. Grieves, Claude V. Gwinne, P. A. Hansen, John Holzer, H. G. Miller, F. P. Hobson, M. McKinnon, William L. Noah, Eddie M. Ober, Samuel Peterson, L. E. Plummer, A. P. Reed, L. F. Root, Charles S. Stephens, James H. Smith, Joseph H. Smith, F. C. Spanneth (or Spannuth), Ernest W. Sis, Frank Seeley, Harry E. Scott, Charles Simmett, W. D. Woodruff, E. M. Williams, Martha White, William Yates, L. E. Barton, E. L. Jeremiah, C. W. Ortman, J. W. Swope, and all whom it may concern, Defendants.

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